STORY OF A DOUGHNUT: HOW A NAME CAUSED MANY SORE HEARTS

"NO, I shall not go there again this summer," said Penrose, emphatically.

"Why not?" asked Cutting. "I thought you regarded it as the most nearly ideal summer resort in Maine or anywhere else?"

"I did, I do," Penrose answered. "But the presence of certain other people who regard it in the same light makes it intolerable. Until I hear that the old crowd frequent it no more, I shall seek pastures new to browse in. They used to be such a congenial crowd, too—till last summer. The doughnut is to blame."

"The doughnut!" exclaimed Cutting. "How in the name of goodness did the doughnut figure?"

"How did it not figure?" said Penrose, sadly. "It is a long tale, a melancholy tale to me, though I doubt not you will snigger with glee, as is your wont over the misfortunes of others. But I will try to tell you.

"To begin at the beginning, as the novelists used to do in the good old days of the three-decker, you must know that the great farmhouse and its adjoining 'cottage' in B—— has long been taken each summer by almost the same crowd of people. Summer after summer they have tramped together up the mountain behind the house and picnicked on its top, in sight of the grand sweep of the Presidential Range. Summer after summer they have journeyed up to Gorham and made the trip up Washington through Adam's Ravine. Summer after summer they have gone through Grafton Notch on buckboards to the Rangeley Lakes, and sniffed with annual exclamations of joy the mingled odor of pines and fresh water. And summer evening after summer evening they have sat in the big parlor and listened while one read aloud, or played cards, or discussed topics of interest, in the most idyllic spirit of brotherly and sisterly love. The food was good, the beds good, the air and scenery superlative. It was the ideal.

"And it would have remained so for all time if the doughnut had not entered last July, like a free thinking parson in an old-time church, or like the devil in Kipling's poem, to cause schism, disruption, open hostility.

"You see, the party was about equally divided geographically. A score of us came from New York or Southeastern Connecticut, and a score, the rest of the crowd, came from the vicinity of Boston. There was a music critic in the New York division, who once wrote a book on Wagner in the big front bedroom of the main house, and had to keep that room forever after because anybody else who tried it had bad dreams. He and I were leaders on our side in the controversy that arose. I don't say this in a boasting spirit; far from it. I have always been too ready to debate on all occasions, and this time I paid high for my fault. But truth compels me to admit that I was a leader.

"The Boston party, naturally enough, was led by a woman and a very young and self-assertive young man just out of Harvard. The woman was a spinster, not your comic paper Boston type, but a stout, handsome, witty, well-dressed creature that one suspected had remained single from choice until one had learned her uncomfortable controversial temperament. The young man was beneath notice, one would like to say, only one cannot. He would never stay beneath notice. He was the best swimmer, the best tennis and golf player, the best mountain climber, the most accommodating rascal to the women, the best reader of an evening, the best looking man in the place. If he hadn't been there I shouldn't have taken the opposite side so bitterly as I did, and then perhaps, I might have——"

"You might have what?" said Cutting. "I want the whole truth, now I'm in for so much of it. I've plenty of time."

"Well, I might have somebody to darn my stockings for me, if you must know," said Penrose. "She was of the Boston party, had been to B—— every summer since she was a little girl. I saw her grow up into the finest girl. Oh, Cutting, the finest, altogether most adorable girl you ever set eyes on! Why, if B—— were in the middle of the desert it would be a summer paradise with her there. And I came to love her, as every man of sense has to do. I told her so one day down by the Sunday River, and she laughed and skipped a stone three times, and I said she made my heart skip the same way; and she laughed still harder and said I was an old dear—think of that, you brute, and stop your own laughing!—she called me an old dear though I'm not thirty-five, or not much more; and she wouldn't say any more then; but I was happy and hopeful I knew she never called that young Harvard upstart an old dear."

"I hope not," said Cutting. "They resent such familiarity, Harvard men. But how about the doughnuts?"

"I'm coming to them. Well, one day we had crullers on the table; you know, those round rings of dough, fried in a kettle, that aren't half bad with coffee if you have the digestive apparatus of an ostrich. I asked the Boston spinster to pass me 'the crullers.' 'You mean the doughnuts, don't you?' said she, sweetly. Now, I know pretty generally what I mean, and I don't care to be picked up in my speech by a woman. 'I mean the crullers,' said I, haughtily. 'I see no doughnuts on the table.' 'And I see no crullers,' said she. 'I cannot be expected to pass what I don't see; in other words, to handle the intangible.'

"'The intangible is often visible, though,' said the Harvard Upstart, butting in. 'Witness the view from a mountain top.'

"'Yes,' said the music critic, 'and you can always be relied on to pass it. You are a Philistine, and you quote Bangs. I suppose you are aware that your illustration is taken from the mouth of the Cheerful Idiot?'

"'You can never claim the adjective,' retorted the Harvard Upstart, with his usual insolence. 'But we wander from the subject. Are those things on the table which Mr. Penrose desires doughnuts or crullers—that is the question. And I will answer it. They are doughnuts.'

"'They are not,' snapped the music critic. 'They are crullers. Anybody who knows anything knows that doughnuts are spherical in shape, solid, and made of different material. Your education on this point, as on some others I might mention, has been sadly neglected.'

"'Why don't you lay the blame on the elective system, as is your usual illogical wont?' asked the Upstart. 'Now, I don't know how Wagner would compose a doughnut motif—save that it would be sad and low—but I do know that a cruller is six inches long, composed of two twists of dough curled about each other. A doughnut is what we have on the table.'

"And here the discussion became general. To a unit the New York and Connecticut people took my side, affirming that what was offered on the table were crullers, and that a doughnut was a spherical mass of raised material, solid, or containing a bit of jelly. The twist affairs were, if they were anything, a variety of crullers, we were willing to concede. The Boston and Massachusetts party, with equal unanimity, stoutly maintained that doughnuts were the ring affairs on the table, that crullers were the twists, and they would not concede that real doughnuts had any standing in court whatever. Most of them had never even seen or heard of the real doughnut. I never knew till then how provincial Boston and Massachusetts really are.

"The controversy was carried outside the house, into the solemn stillness of the mountain twilight. We forgot to watch the sunset shadows creep over the high hills. We forgot to take our evening stroll through the dewy meadows. We forgot to read or to play cards. All that evening, divided into two camps, we discussed with warmth that gradually developed into positive ill-feeling, the tremendous question 'What is a doughnut?'

"The Harvard Upstart thought he had clinched the whole question when he quoted the magazine advertisement taken from a still more ancient proverb, 'To make a doughnut, take a hole and put some dough around it.' But this was met with a storm of rebuttal. Proverbs are notoriously wrong; the proverb was probably coined by some ignorant Bostonian; a magazine will print any falsity so long as it is paid for; names may shift their meaning, and the discussion is over the present definition of the term, and the like. When we retired that night I was in a hot rage, which was by no means abated when I saw the Harvard Upstart bidding Her good-night on the veranda of the 'cottage' next to the main house, where I slept. She had taken but little part in the controversy, but her sympathies were plainly on the mistaken side.

"The following day the discussion was resumed at breakfast, and was aggravated by a large plateful of the offending food left over from the night before. We had been so excited then that we had neglected to eat it up. Already a noticeable division of the household had begun. When we set off for a tramp that morning the cruller party, headed by myself and the music critic, wanted to climb Bear Mountain. The doughnut contingent got a fool notion into their heads that it would be better to tramp across the river in the meadows, though the day was ridiculously hot. The result was that we each went our separate ways. I was too stuffy to give in, and so were the rest of our side, and I had the melancholy spectacle of the Upstart setting out with her at his side, while I walked in the opposite direction with a simpering young thing from Danbury, who bored me until I was positively rude.

"Well, the hostilities kept up, fed by renewed controversy, every time crullers were served at the table, which was rather often. If we played foursomes it was always two doughnuts against two crullers. Croquet and tennis games became tests of merit between the parties to the great controversy. We no longer traveled in a big bunch, but in two bunches; if the crullers went fishing, the doughnuts went the other way for berries. If the doughnuts wanted a drive, they found the crullers had engaged all the teams and invited enough extra guests from the hotel up in the village. A new arrangement of seating at table soon worked itself out, and we positively glared at each other, like Guelfs and Ghibellines, across the intervening space. The music critic grew more ill natured, the Boston spinster more caustic in her remarks about New York and New Yorkers generally. I became more pigheaded and stuffy than ever, ready to take opposition sides on any question. Only the Harvard Upstart retained his cheerful, disgusting good nature, a fact not hard to understand when he enjoyed Her companionship so much more than I did, now the camp was divided against itself.

Well, to make a long story short, the time came for me to go back to the city, and I corralled her one evening at twilight, in spite of the efforts of the Upstart to thwart me, and led her down to our little cozy corner on the bank of the Sunday River. The little pool where the river broadened out was still as glass and mirrored the mountain tops and the evening star, which laid its silvery track right to our feet. It was the hushed, solemn hour of the day, when the soul should be at peace and love supreme.

"I addressed her passionately. I told her again of my love, of my devotion; reminded her that on this very spot a month before she had been at least kind to me, giving me hope. And I asked her for a final answer before I went back, an answer that would either make me the happiest man in the world or the most miserable. All the eloquence that was in me, in the hour, in the occasion, I poured forth."

"Quite in the approved fashion," said Cutting, in his dry way. "And what did she say?"

"She said," continued Penrose mournfully, "that she had loved me a little, that perhaps she ha more than a little, and I come to love me enough to before the doughnut-cruller versy. But that controversy, clared, had shown me to her what I am—stubborn, bent on my own way, not open to reason. Then she looked up at the darkening hills, paused a moment, while the great hush of the world poured round us, and said softly, 'If you will admit that you are wrong, if you will acknowledge that a doughnut is a round ring, such as we have at table here, I'll—I'll marry you still.'"

Cutting laughed.

"Don't laugh, you brute," said Penrose. "It was no laughing matter, I assure you. It was ridiculous, if you will. Was ever a man put in a more ridiculous position than that? But it was not laughable. I loved her too much."

"I still think it laughable," said Cutting. "It was so easy to win her, after all."

"What!" cried Penrose. "Easy? Do you think I would give in a principle for a woman's foolish whim? I admit that for a moment I was tempted. She looked so lovely there in the dusk. And I loved her so! But I was not tempted long. I told her that if she really loved me she would make no such ridiculous demand as that, she would not ask a man to sacrifice his principles. I told her, in short, that I could not accede to her request. It was a test she had no right to require.

"We walked back to the house in silence, and she retired at once. The next morning I left. As I climbed into the rig to go to the station, I saw Her and the Upstart setting forth on a fishing trip."

"Well," said Cutting, after a long silence. "You have given her up for good, eh? And the Upstart, did she marry him?"

"She did not," said Penrose, rather eagerly. "I happen to know she is still unengaged."

Cutting whistled. "And you are not going to B—— this year?" he asked.

"No," said Penrose. "But I've just reserved a room there in case of emergencies."

THE PLEASURES OF RIDING ON A SCALPER'S TICKET

THE drummer was in a loquacious mood. "Ever travel on a scalper's ticket?" he asked. "Not a pesky little local card ticket from San Francisco to San Pablo or Milpitas, but one of those regular, sure-enough special, personal-identification, anti-scalper, ironclad, double-riveted, copper-bottomed, non-transferable, leather-hinged coupon tickets that just can't be scalped? If not, you've missed one of the most exhilarating joys in life.

"Two friends of mine came to San Francisco from Salt Lake City during the big convention last year. They disposed of their return coupons, intending to remain here, but finally decided to go to Los Angeles. During the convention the town fairly swarmed with curbstone brokers whose offices were in their hats. These peripatetic peddlers offered the traveler the benefit of ridiculously low fares to all points in the country.

"Occasionally my friends had read items in the local papers of cut-rate fakers being haled before courts of justice on the complaint of some confiding Rube who had been bumped off the swift cars by the bull-headed conductor who refused to recognize the scalpers' grand hailing signal of fraternity.

"Such summary ejectment invariably caused the victim annoyance, expense, delay, grievous distress of mind and body, personal injuries and loss of property, i. e., to wit, that is to say: one carpet-bag and contents when party of the first part was fired, evicted and removed from said train between stations by said conductor, assisted by the head, middle and rear brakemen, baggage master, flagman, engineer, fireman and other servants and employes of said corporation, otherwise termed the party of the second part, in which said victim generally failed to recover damages in tort or pax vobiscum, and your petitioners will ever pray.

"Therefore my friends realized that it was somewhat risky to travel on misfit tickets, but they decided to chance it, and they overhauled the stock of bargain-counter transportation, finally finding two tickets which seemed to fill the bill. The scalper said that as the tickets were marked down to such a ridiculously low figure he didn't feel like guaranteeing them unqualifiedly, but he assured my friends that there would be no risk to speak of, and in case of trouble to wire him, which was a safe proceeding so far as he was concerned, for the reason that he expected to hit the high trail himself that night.

"He kindly posted the travelers on the necessary points and instructions for using the scalped tickets. It was hard to say whether the original owners were two ladies or a lady and gentleman, for, although the tickets were apparently signed by the same person in a small feminine hand, there was a slight dissimilarity in the style of chirography, and while one of the names was plainly feminine, the other one was doubtful being sometimes given to boys as well as girls.

"The tickets had been signed and validated for return passage, so there was no occasion for my friends to add forgery to perjury, and the gentlemanly scalper proceeded to coach them on the various mysterious signs and marks on the pasteboards.

"'Remember,' said he, 'these tickets were bought at the uptown office of the company, not at either of the depots. They were purchased by the lady on the 24th of last month. She paid $25 each for them and signed them both. You had a lower berth in the sleeper Morpheus, as you will note by the conductor's pencil mark on the back of each ticket. Your names are Austin on this trip, and you had better not have any letters or cards in your pocket with any other name on. Don't let the conductors bluff you and you'll get through all right. Not one in a thousand comes back to us. Here's one of my cards. Good-by.'

"According to the rules and regulations made and provided in section ten, canto two, chapter seven of the thrilling continued story printed on the face of the tickets, they expired by statute of limitation at midnight on the night of the day on which my friends bought them and the train was due to leave at 11:35 p. m., which was a narrow margin, but my friends managed to squeeze by the gatekeeper and boarded the train which was being held for connection.

"They sat there breathing rather skeery, wishing the train would start, when, suddenly, in came an inspector of tickets. They had not figured on this deal and were somewhat agitated, but endeavored to look unconcerned as if they were the sole original rightful owners of the tickets. When the inspector took the tickets he smelled scalpers at once.

"'Convention tickets,' said he as he examined them closely, meanwhile studying the faces of the travelers attentively.

"Finally he asked. 'What's your name?'

"My friend gave the name on the ticket.

"'How do you spell it?'

"'A-u-s-t-i-n.'

"'Which depot did you buy these tickets at?' was the next poser.

"My friend replied that the tickets were not bought at the depot, but at the uptown office of the company and gave the date and purchase price.

"Then the inspector threw his heaviest bluff. 'Why, these tickets belong to the children of Henry Austin of this city; I know them well!' he exclaimed.

"This was a body blow for the travelers, who, however, denied all knowledge of the Austin children or their kin.

"Finally the inspector produced a pencil and paper and asked my friend's wife to write the names as they appeared on the tickets, but as she was somewhat flustrated she didn't produce a very good facsimile, so the inspector announced in cold-blooded tones that the tickets were bogus. 'You had better take them back to the scalper's office where you got them; they are no good here,' he declared.

"Then my friend came back with his bluff. 'Do you know Mr. Brewster, superintendent of this division?' he demanded of the lynx-eyed spotter.

"Yes; the inspector knew him.

"'Well,' says my friend, in an aggrieved tone, 'I'm personally acquainted with him and was talking with him this afternoon. I demand that he be called to identify me.'

"The statement was correct, although the superintendent wouldn't have recognized my friend under the nom de plume which he claimed at that moment. Feeling sure that the official was safely home in bed, he loudly insisted that he be called in to settle the dispute. The bluff worked, and the inspector said: 'Excuse me; we've got to be very careful or the scalpers will skin us. By the way, did you have a sleeper on the way up?'

"My friend replied that he did.

"'Do you remember the number of the berth and the car?'

"My friend easily called the turn, and the inspector passed on, after causing the travelers an awfully uneasy fraction of an hour. The train started shortly afterward, to their intense relief.

"Presently the conductor came along, he threw the harpoon into their rising hopes and broke it off short. 'These tickets are outlawed,' he declared.

"'How so?' asked my friend.

"'Time limit expired at midnight,' replied the knight of the punch.

"My friend was desperate by this time. 'Look here, brother,' he ejaculated, 'the law says that a ticket shall be honored for passage if presented before midnight of the day of expiration. Your gateman and inspector passed the tickets all right, and it's not our fault if the train was late leaving the terminus.'

"'Don't know what the law says, and don't care,' responded the conductor. 'I'll carry you, but I think the man on the next division will turn those tickets down, sure.'

"So the travelers spent the night fretting and borrowing trouble, and wishing the scalper in the happy hunting grounds until the change of conductors, expecting to be ejected at the division point where this occurred, but the new man didn't show up for forty miles or so, and their spirits began to rise.

"When the captain of the train saw the disputed transportation he exclaimed: 'These tickets have expired.'

"'Not on your mileage,' returned my friend, giving him the same bluff he had worked with the first conductor. 'Your inspector passed on those tickets before we left, and your other conductor carried us on them, and you can't afford to take chances on a damage suit by putting us off,' he declared.

"The diplomatic conductor studied over the proposition, and finally announced: 'I'll wire the general passenger agent, and what he says goes.'

"So farms, fields, houses, woods, deserts stations and high-priced scenery flashed to the rear, but my friends were not enjoying the trip very much. They expected to get the kibosh from the general passenger agent at every station, but the day wore on and no word came from him.

"After another spell of horrors the third conductor took charge of the train. He was an old man, crabbed and sour, with full war paint on. When he spotted those tomahawked tickets he jumped four feet in the air and let a whoop out of him you could have heard two miles. 'I can't carry you on those tickets!' he shouted.

"By this time the travelers were feeling more at ease, for every mile was bringing them nearer to their destination. The jollied the old man for fair, told him the company couldn't run the risk of a damage suit if he refused to honor the tickets; pointed out how the inspector had passed them, and that the other two conductors had carried them on the questionable tickets. The bluff worked once more, but the zealous employe declared his intention of referring the matter to the general office and if the tickets were declared no good he swore he would collect full fare for the entire distance traveled.

"Sadness again overclouded the beauties of the far-famed scenic route for my friends, who wore an aggrieved expression, as if they were the victims of gross abuse and vilification, hinting at damage suits, but time wore on and no word came from the G. P. A.

"In time, to their great relief, the train reached their destination, where the conscience-stricken passengers expected to find the owners of the tickets, the general passenger agent and the patrol wagon waiting for them, but not a soul disturbed their restored serenity, and their first and last ride on scalpers' tickets was over.

"The railroads will have to get up before breakfast to circumvent the wily scalper," concluded the drummer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Old-Time Ale-Tester

THE saying "There is more than one way to skin a cat" applies also to the testing of ale. In olden times ale used to be tested for sugar only. If it had no sugar in it, it was considered pure. There was an official tester, and he always wore leather breeches when on duty—he had to, as the sequel will show. The tester would enter an inn unexpectedly, draw a glass of ale and pour it on a seat. Then he would sit down in the puddle he had made. There he would sit for thirty minutes by the clock. He would talk, he would smoke, he would drink with all who asked him; but he would be careful never to alter his position in any way. At the end of half an hour came the real test. The man of the leather breeches would try and rise up from his seat. If the ale was impure, if it had sugar in it, the tester's leather breeches would stick to the seat; but if it was free from sugar he could get up without difficulty, and he gave the inn-keeper a good mark. If he stuck fast the inn-keeper was fined.

The official tester had to be a man of great capacity for drink, one who could "carry his liquor well," and at the end of half an hour the innkeeper always requested him to rise if he forgot to do so, lest the liberal potations in which he indulged might, if continued, produce a difficulty in rising which would be falsely atributed to the quality of the ale.

RED CLOUD'S ATTACK ON MAJOR "JIM" POWELL

By GEN. ANDREW BURT, U. S. A.

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs may issue all the orders changing the high-sounding and peculiar Indian names to the names of civilization he may desire, but in doing so he cannot change the character of Red Cloud, a chief typical of those of the frontier days of long ago.

Poor old Red Cloud, how unhappy the old devil must be in these days of peace, when there flashes across his memory the frontier days of long ago, a recollection of the time when as a gallant warrior painted and decorated for war, he rode at the head of his braves, in an assault on a wagon train of military supplies destined for the Phil Kearney post. Those were the days of bloodshed in the West, and Red Cloud was the bloodiest chief among all the tribes.

Red Cloud in his time was one of the most successful, daring savage chiefs of the great Sioux Nation. During the hostilities waged so brutally on the plains against the encroachment of the whites, his name was the dreaded one on every emigrant's tongue. I knew him personally quite well. I have had many talks with him about old times. Possibly our relations were the more friendly inasmuch as I had had a skirimish with him and his war party on my march into the Big Horn country in the fall of 1867, on Crazy Woman's Fork, Wyo.

Red Cloud was the "Big Chief" commanding the hostile Sioux forces that attacked Brevet Major "Jim" Powell's command. Several times I asked the old fellow to give me an account of his side of that battle. I never succeeded in making him talk freely about it. The reason may have been that he was defeated in this, one of the most desperate, of our Indian engagements. Red Cloud's prominence among the Sioux was owing to his bitter declaration of war to the death against the whites. All the disaffected of the tribe joined his band.

Although I could not get Red Cloud to talk about his attack on Major Powell I had been well posted on that fight by several members of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, who were in the engagement. The old chief verified many of the details of the Indian side of the story, such as had been told me about the approximate number of Sioux engaged, their losses in killed and wounded, and the terrifying effect on the attacking Indians of the "much talk" gun, the then new, to them, breech-loading rifle. Major Powell and his soldiers were guarding a wood contractor's party of citizens, who supplied the Fort Phil Kearney garrison with wood. Powell knowing that he would be attacked at any time, had fortified his camp by building "hasty entrenchments." His foresight stood him in his hour of great peril, for on the morning of August 2, 1867, 806 warriors, splendidly mounted, the best and bravest of the Sioux nation, appeared in hostile array before the camp of this little band of white men—two officers, twenty-six private soldiers, and four citizens. These determined men knew this was a fight to the death. There would be nothing between them and torture at the stake if driven from the hastily constructed fort. That these warriors advanced openly on this little band of white men, contrary to the Indian well-known secret tactics, showed the utter contempt in which Powell's force was held. On they came, shrieking their war cry, firing a volley of bullets. The reply was a deadly and continuous stream of shot from the little band. The warriors could not face that deadly fire. They were driven back in confusion and amazement. The secret of the white man's success was that but a short time before the Fort Phil Kearney soldiers had been armed with a new breech-loading rifle, a fact at that time unknown to the Indians. They were calculating on the old-time muzzle-loading guns in the hands of the troops. Red Cloud and his principal chiefs held a hurried consultation.

They determined to launch their whole fighting force, and on foot, against the little fort on the hill. Major Powell's Lieutenant Jenness, gallantly, and as he thought necessarily, exposing himself during the first attack had been killed; one or two men had been killed or wounded and the attack had developed certain weak points of his defenses, which were promptly strengthened with whatever was at hand. The firing was so rapid that the gun barrels became overheated; spare guns were placed in each wagon bed. Some of the men were poor shots and fired wildly; they were ordered not to fire, but to load and pass guns to the selected marksmen. Now from the hills swarmed a semicircle of warriors at least 2,000 strong. When within about 500 yards, the order to charge was given. The whole line dashed on to the corral, to be, when they had almost touched it, hurled back in confusion and dismay. Again and again did the gallant line rally and charge, to be again broken, discomfited, and driven back; and it was only after "three continuous hours," of almost superhuman effort against this unseen, intangible foe, that the line became utterly demoralized and fled in consternation to the hills.

Red Cloud and some of the older of his principal chiefs, had watched the whole action. For a long time they thought the wonderfully continuous fire was due to the fact that there were more men in the corral than it would appear to hold; but on the final repulse of the long succession of desperate charges, they concluded that the white men had some "medicine guns" which would "fire all the time," without the aid of human hands and that their best plan was to stop the conflict.

When the demoralized host had reached the safety of the hills, they were ordered not to fight any more, but to recover the bodies of the killed and wounded. A cloud of skirmishers were sent out to cover this operation with orders to keep up a continuous fire. All the killed and wounded nearest the hills were soon taken to the rear and cared for, but to recover those nearer to the corral was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. Taking one end of a long rope, formed by tying together many lariats, a warrior ran out into the open as far as he dared, then threwing himself on the ground and covering himself with a shield of thick buffalo hide, he crawled to the nearest dead and wounded man and fastened the rope around his ankles. The men in the woods or at the other end of the rope then pulled it and dragged the man or body to a safe place. The rescuing warrior then crawed backward, protected by his shield.

I learned in after years from Rocky Bear, a well-known chief, that a prominent "medicine man" of the Sioux had told him that the total loss in killed and wounded of Indians of all tribes and bands in that fight was 1,137. If this is true the combatants were as 1 white to 100 Indians; the losses 1 white to 268 Indians.

One of the citizens who fought with Powell was a grizzled old trapper, who had spent his life on the frontier and been in Indian fights without number. Some months after the battle the department commander met and questioned him.

"How many Indians were in the attack?" asked the general.

"Wall, Ginr'l, I can't say for sartin, but I think thur was nigh onto 3,000 of 'em."

"How many were killed and wounded?"

"Wall, Ginr'l, I can't say for sartin, but I think thur wus nigh onto a thousand ov 'em hit."

"How many did you kill?"

"Wall, Ginr'l, I can't say, but gi' me a dead rest, I kin bit a dollar at fifty yards every time and I fired with a dead rest at more'n fifty of them Injins inside of fifty yards."

"For heaven's sake, how many times did you fire?" exclaimed the astonished general.

"Wall, Ginr'l, I can't say, but I kept eight guns pretty well het up for mor'n three hours."

This may be called a "transition fight." The Indian was just emerging from his scarcely dangerous days of bows and muzzle-loaders, and procuring an arm suited to his mode of fighting, becoming what he now is, the finest natural soldier in the world.

The Chartreuse Monks.

THE monks of La Grande Chartreuse have perforce shaken the dust of France off their feet and wandered forth into a strange world, carefully taking their secret with them, says "Modern Society." They have held the recipe for their famous liqueur since 1735, when they received it from their brethren, the Chartreuse of Paris, to whom it had been confided by Marshal D'Estrees in 1607, and who tardily recognized that it would be easier to obtain the requisite Alpine plants from the Grande Chartreuse than from Paris.

During the French Revolution one of the superiors of the order fled with the recipe. He was arrested, but, happily for himself, ordered to be deported, and so carried off the precious document, which he is said to have concealed in his sandals. It was afterward transmitted to Dom Antoine Nantas, Vicar of the Chartreuse of Premol, and eventually returned to the small number of monks who found their way back to the Grande Chartreuse in 1816.

Under the direction of Pere Garnier, whose name still appears on the bottles, the production of the liqueur was actively carried on, but it remained practically unknown, except in the locality, until, in 1849, a party of French soldiers, guided by divine Providence, as the good monks believe, stopped at the monastery and tasted the green Chartreuse. They made it widely known, and since then the liqueur has flowed in a rich stream throughout the world.